

Home Mission Echoes

"The country for which I lifted up mine hand to give it to your fathers."

Vol. V.

JULY, 1901.

No. 7.



WATER CARRIERS IN MEXICO.

O CHURCH of the living God! Mexico is an open door, "great and effectual," which the divine Master has set before thee. It is thine to enter. God expects it as the work which "thy hand findeth to do." He sends thee to open their eyes, to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive "remission of their sins, and an inheritance among them that are sanctified by faith in Jesus Christ."

— Rev. William Butler, D. D.

510 & Tremont & Temple
Boston

"Topics for 1901."

JANUARY.
Cuba and Porto Rico.
FEBRUARY.
Alaska.
MARCH.
Southern Schools.
APRIL.
Chinese in America.
MAY.
Our Home Mission Field.
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Mexico and New Mexico.
AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER.
Temperance and Home Missions.
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Indians.
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Mormons.
DECEMBER.
The Outlook.

This paper is published monthly under the auspices jointly of the American Baptist Home Mission Society and the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society, and represents in a concise manner the interests of both organizations. It aims to make a cheap, popular Home Mission periodical, attractive in its mechanical features, interesting to old and young in its varied contents, with numerous illustrations during the year. Mrs. M. C. Reynolds is the General Editor, and Mrs. Jas. McWhinnie, assistant editor. Rev. H. L. Morehouse, D. D., has charge of the Home Mission Society's Department, and Mrs. Anna Sargent Hunt charge of the Department for "Our Young People." All correspondence pertaining to the editorial department of the paper should be sent to Mrs. M. C. Reynolds, 510 Tremont Temple.

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HINTS AND HELPS

Subject: "Mexico."

Books for Reference

MEXICO, Past and Present.
Mexico in Transition,
The Awakening of a Nation.
Mexico of To-day,
Mexican Notes,
Mercedes,
Si, Senlor, Mexico,
Young People's History,
A White Umbrella in Mexico,
A Mexican Ranch,
Butler.
C. F. Lummis.
C. D. Warner.
Sara Hale.
Thomas L. Rogers.
Ober.
F. Hopkinson Smith.
Mrs. Janie Pritchard Duggan.

About Mexico.

It is estimated that in some towns in New Mexico of 2,700 Mexicans, not 700 can read or write, including all the children being educated at the present time.

THE Sabbath is a day of merriment and debauchery in Mexico. Bull fights held on the Sabbath are well advertised, and draw a large attendance.

DURING Holy week the processions of the Penitentes, on their way to "Calvary," scourge their bare and bleeding backs, or stagger under the weight of their heavy crosses.

Home Mission Echoes

"Our Echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever."—TENNYSON.

Vol. V.

JULY, 1901.

No. 7.

The Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society.

Editorial.

OUR meeting at Springfield, May 21st, was largely attended. The spacious church was filled at the appointed hour, although many of the delegates from Boston and vicinity had not arrived. Our President, Mrs. Coleman, presided in her usual graceful manner. The Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Reynolds, took only a few moments to tell of the needs of the schools. The Treasurer, Miss Davis, gave an interesting talk upon the finances of the Society. Mrs. James McWhinnie spoke with great acceptance concerning the present aspect of work in Alaska.

Mrs. William Scott, of New York, spoke of the aim of the colored schools. In graphic language she pictured the condition of the colored people, and the grand work that has been done for them in the schools that are in so large degree supported by our Society. Much has been done, but more needs to be done. There is promise of large results from earnest effort.

Mrs. Amanda Miller Coleman, of Hartshorn Memorial College, Richmond, Va., well known in the churches of New England, closed a very profitable meeting with an address upon the great and good things accomplished by our Society among her own people, as she has herself seen and experienced it. These two addresses by representatives of the people who are being aided by us, left a deep impression upon all who heard them, and made the meeting one of great profit.

MANY have asked why only one evening was given to our Society at the Anniversaries in Springfield, and three sessions were given to the work of the Woman's Baptist Home Mission Society. In reply we would say that the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society holds its annual meeting each year the first Wednesday and Thursday of May, upon its own territory, New England. The Woman's Baptist Home Mission Society holds its annual meeting each year wherever the Anniversaries are held. We are glad our constituency had the privilege of

being present at the meeting of our sister society, and of learning of the good work they are doing. We hope the little mite-boxes, which were so much admired, will reach their rightful destination. The sisters outside of New England send their gifts to Chicago, those in New England to Boston. There is no rivalry between the two societies. All that is necessary is to know where we belong and be loyal to the society depending upon us.

MRS. A. M. COLEMAN and Miss Anna P. Moore, until recently teachers in Hartshorn Memorial College, Richmond, Va., have been attending Basket Meetings in Maine. Miss S. E. Owen, of Beaufort, S. C., has been aiding in meetings in Vermont. These earnest workers have been greatly enjoyed by the people, as they have told of work accomplished during the years.

My Wish.

SOME afternoon, with all my duties done
And everything in order set for one more day,
Then with the slow declining of the sun
I would lie down for aye—
Leave all my work for other hands
To take up and complete,
While to the happy "morning lands"
I speed my tired feet.

The path will not be long that I shall go,
Nor shall I linger upon the upward way;
For warmest welcome waits for me, I know,
And joyful, endless day.
So wait I for some summer day—
Some sunny afternoon—
When I shall lay my cares away,
My earthly journey done.

Whatever may befall before that hour—
Solemn, supreme, the end of earthly strife—
O, Christ! Thou Friend of boundless love and power,
Grant then eternal life.
And in the last extremity to help, when low I lie,
Be angel guards my company—Christ near—so let me die.

Anti-Polygamy Constitutional Amendment.

THE movement for the Anti-polygamy Amendment is a wise one, and it should be heeded with the same earnestness that characterized the voters in their effort to prevent a polygamist from occupying a seat in the legislative halls of our nation. We have asked each State vice-president to send to Mrs. James McWhinnie, 510 Tremont Temple, Boston, for blank petitions, which are now ready at headquarters. These the State vice-president will send to her directors, and the directors will send three to each of the presidents of her local circles. To these petitions the presidents of circles are urged to get the names of as many voters as possible, each voter signing all three of the petitions. One of these three petitions is to be filled out with the name of the representative of your Congressional district, one with the name of one of the senators in Congress from your State, and the third with the name of the other senator. If the president of the local circle cannot circulate these petitions, let her secure some one who can, and present them to voters only, having each voter sign the three petitions.

It may be better to divide the church or town, and give several women a share in the work. Let one woman in each church have control of the matter, however. Let all the petitions, when filled out, be sent by the president of the local circle to the director of the Association. Let the director send them to the State vice-president, who will retain them until the first day of the opening of the fifty-seventh Congress, when they will send them to Washington. We would urge our constituency to push this matter during the summer. We believe it to be one of the most important subjects which has come before us. The Mormons are fighting this amendment, and well they may. Should it pass, the cornerstone of their vile system would be removed. Let the New England Baptist women unite with their sisters of other denominations in purifying America from polygamy.

THE terrible fire that visited our city on May 3d swept away our library, home, and newspaper plant, and destroyed the hundreds of minutes and catalogues of Baptist organizations and institutions which we had been years getting together. We need these publications for reference, and are making an effort to repair our loss in this respect if possible, and therefore earnestly request that you send us at once a copy of the latest minutes of your Society.

"MILTON WALDRON."

The above item has come to us from Mr. Waldron, and we very gladly give it place in our columns. We have supplied the minutes which he desires, but we would commend the personal needs of our brother to the women of the churches. When autumn barrels are filled, do not forget this afflicted people. When in Jacksonville nine years ago, we visited Mr. Waldron's church and spent a day with his wife. We shall not soon forget the dainty appointments of this pleasant home. His library was large and well selected. At the time of the fire the family escaped without saving anything except the clothing which they had on. Mr. Waldron's people have also been suffering, so will our New England women remember them?

FOR several months our Board of Directors have been considering the advisability of reopening a day school in Mexico City. Rev. William Sloan, our general missionary there, has repeatedly urged the establishment of a series of schools, from the kindergarten now carried on by the Woman's Baptist Home Mission Society, to a boarding-school for young men and women. When our young men and women want higher education, they go to schools of other denominations, and thus are lost to our church.

At our May meeting, after careful discussion, we voted to support Mrs. M. A. Grisham, as our teacher at Mexico City, her work to begin September first. At the anniversary at Springfield we met Mr. Sloan, and he pressed upon us the needs of the women of this growing republic. In his address he made the following statement: "Several months ago, an American lady in the City of Mexico, Mrs. M. A. Grisham, whose husband is in the railway service and who was herself receiving a good salary as stenographer, seeing the need of a good day school, resigned her position, surrendered her salary, and opened a school for the children of the Baptist members and others who cared to avail themselves of that privilege.

She received no salary for services, and no income from any source. Already the work has grown beyond her ability to care for it. Her schoolroom is crowded with pupils, and whether to turn them away or seek for larger quarters and an assistant teacher is now the problem that confronts us. I am happy to say that the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society, whose headquarters are in Boston, has now taken this lady into its employ, and from the first of September will have direction of this most hopeful enterprise. But, brethren, you ought to provide at once for a larger educational work in the City of Mexico.

A girls' boarding-school, and provision for the training of a class of young men for the ministry should be made at once. We need these things very much. When I told you fifteen years ago at Asbury Park how much we needed the twenty-five thousand dollars for our work in the City of Mexico, I went into an array of facts and figures that you must have thought was a little extravagant. But you gave me the money, and to-day every statement I made at that time can be found to be true. Now, we need a property for these schools, and you should put into the hands of the Woman's Society at Boston at least fifteen thousand dollars for that purpose. This is at present our greatest need. It is the day of opportunity in Mexico, and Baptists will be short-sighted if they do not seize upon the opportunity. Let us win that land for Christ."

We ask the women of New England to remember this important work which we have resumed for the coming year. Soon we must ask for money for the boarding-school. Pray about this needy field which lies close to our doors.

IN Mexico everything and everybody pays a direct tax, from the street porter to the largest mercantile establishment, and the stamp tax for documents is equally lucrative. Even play cards and posters must bear a stamp.

Mexico—In the "City of the Angels."

PUEBLA, Mexico, is known as the "City of the Angels," although we found it full of everything but angels, during our visit early in January. A beautiful place, no doubt, but a regular beehive of monks and nuns, who, in defiance of law, paraded the streets in their ecclesiastical garb, and entered and sallied forth from convents and monasteries that seemed to be as thick as saloons in American cities, while the jangling of church bells, all in contravention of the much boasted "Laws of Reform," wearied us by day and kept us awake by night.

The Baptist work is in good condition. Rev. Fernando Uriegas is the pastor, and he seems to be getting things in the best shape we have ever seen them in that beautiful city. Two young ladies under the appointment of the Chicago Society are efficient helpers, and they have been permitted to see such an enlargement of their work that a roomier chapel was found to be necessary. The landlord obligingly tore out two intervening walls, and a very pleasant chapel some fifty by eighteen feet has given place to the former cramped quarters. The walls are neatly tinted, and gospel texts, artistically arranged, decorate them on both sides and back of the pulpit. New pews have been put in, the platform carpeted, and additional lamps hung from the ceiling. So far as externals are concerned, the Baptists of Puebla are fairly well provided for, and, so far as we could see, an admirable spirit of union and devotion prevailed in the congregation. Our special meetings began on Monday night, Jan. 1st, Mr. Uriegas placing us in full control of the work, while he and his people stood ready to lend a hand. The preliminary service was largely devotional, and earnest pleading with God that He would graciously bless the people of Puebla, and permit us to see souls saved. The meeting closed with marked evidences of the divine presence.

Tuesday night the attendance was larger, and the interest deeper. Curiosity to hear the new missionary had largely worn off, and the people seemed ready to listen to the gospel. The Lord was with us that night. Wednesday evening a larger audience, many Romanists present, and all

very attentive. We never saw anywhere a more subdued and interested congregation. A crowd stood in the street door, and repeated to passers-by many things said by the preacher. The prayers, hymns, and testimonies were all of them worthy of a cultured audience in the United States.

Thursday night was the evening for prayer in the M. E. Church, and as Bishop McCabe was there, we thought we should have a lightly attended service, but the house was full, and the Holy Spirit present in power. The first invitation was given that night to rise for prayers, and between fifteen and twenty manifested a desire to be Christians. Personal conversation with some after the service, wide distribution of tracts, and happy greetings among the Christians, kept us till a late hour, and we retired to the hotel weary but happy.

Friday night was our last evening with the brethren, as we were needed in the City of Mexico for Sunday, and we were privileged to witness a repetition of the scenes and experiences of the previous service. New requests, tears, smiles, handshakings, and all the delightful manifestations of a work of grace that we had seen in the home-land were not wanting, and we came away satisfied that God was just as ready to save Romanists as He is to gather into His fold any people on earth. A pressing invitation to come again soon was made, and the blessed week came to an end. When we left the city before daylight next morning, the elastic brethren were on hand to see that the preacher was relieved of all burdens on his way to the somewhat distant depot. Then there were embraces and prayers, and petitions for another

visit, and we were off. Since then, Rev. Mr. Uriegas writes of continued interest, and of his hopes to baptize soon a number of converts.

WILLIAM H. SLAUGHTER

"THE religion of Rome so sets the priest between the soul and God that, in the belief of the people, the salvation of the sinner is completely in the priest's hands. No matter how corrupt he may be, his priestly acts are holy. His blessing and absolution open the door of Heaven; his curse and excommunication turn even earth into a hell."

In 1800, twelve weeks to Europe; in 1900, five and a half days to Europe.

In 1800, six weeks to California; in 1900, five days to California.



Courtesy of W. W. Potter Co.

From National Magazine.

AN INDIAN GIRL OF THE TIERRA CALIENTE.

From Montemorelos, Mexico.

WHEN I came from school this morning I found your letter, which I enjoyed very much.

All these months had passed for me very quickly. I suppose it is because I am with my family, and all the time I am working with my girls and little boys.

Some of my pupils live near the park (Alameda); their homes are humble, but clean and agreeable. Sara and Noemi have beautiful flowers for me when I go to their house.

Do you remember that from our house door, we can see the river and the cottages (jacalitos) on the other side?

Maria, Fernanda, and other girls live there, and one morning that I went to visit them, I had the pleasure of observing that in some of those houses there were no saints. I spoke with the women, and they were much pleased and very obsequious.

Almost all my pupils are poor, but their parents pay me something for their children's teaching, and we employ that money in the school.

Little brother Tommy is very fond of reading the Sunday school lessons. He has a hymn-book, and he likes very much to sing in the kitchen: "To the work, we are servants of God."

I have in school a girl who is a Baptist by conviction; she is a very commendable member of our Baptist Young People's Society; she sings and prays, and reads the Bible with us at church, but oh, Mrs. Reynolds! her mother don't want her daughter to become a Protestant young lady. Sophia, this is her name, says that she may obtain her father's permission, and she will ask for the baptism.

Last Monday afternoon we all were very joyful at school: it was raining from two o'clock till five, after a long time of drought.

All of us sang with all our hearts "Glory to God in the Highest," and then we went home quickly. This week we are going to move the school to another place, the best we can obtain here.

BERTHA WESTRUP.

NUMBER of telephones in 1890, none; number of telephones in 1899, 1,124,046.

Velarde, New Mexico.



SOMETIMES, when I think of the beauty of New England, the softness of its air, and the sweep of its seacoast, and particularly of the charm of this season, with its blossoming trees, velvet turf, and the fragrance that comes only in the springtide; sometimes I wonder if the beauties of the land of the jasper sea will be greater to your dear people, because of your capacity for it, or if it may be more wondrous to us who have lived in the parched, rugged regions of the far West. But even as I give words to these thoughts I am reminded of a day near the close of

April, a day of oppression and languid heat. The school day had ended, and body, heart, and mind were weary. There were yet many things to do, but could they be done when the sun was so hot and the flesh so weak? The very air seemed to stand still and pant, when, from the "regions of the west wind," soft masses of gray clouds rolled over mesas and swept across the sun. Instantly the Charma Mountains stood adrift with mist, and with a cool breeze as if some pitying angel fanned the heated valley, the rain fell, but only for a moment; great glittering drops, they were simply

"The farewell of a passing cloud,

The finger of its train."

Again the sun stood clear, but the earth was rejuvenated. I left the flesh-pots and the kitchen and its duties behind me as I hurried to the front door, and there, spanning Echo Bluffs, was the bow of promise.

Robin and meadow lark swelled their full throats in song, the gray houses took on soft lavender tints in the fading sunlight, and the majesty and the peace of it all took the weariness out of the body, and the note of discouragement of heart and mind gave way to an unvoiced symphony. It was a wee bit of the beauty that you may always see, and it softened and sweetened the day's toil and made us ready for the evening service.

But I was to tell you of the little mission at Velarde, Echo Mission, — and perhaps I may as well take that evening's service, the prayer-meeting, as a little item. It was such a little gathering, the flag floated at seven



Courtesy of W. W. Foster Co.

From National Magazine

MEXICAN SERVANT WITH OLLA.

Home Mission Echoes

o'clock, and our good sister, Mrs. Garcia, and her four children and the little serving maid came bringing fresh apple blossoms for the organ. Faithful Deacon Garcia was busy irrigating his alfalfa field after the day's heat, and he came half an hour late. He is a busy man, being the public school teacher, having a small ranch and a little store. But he and all his family are always at the mid-week prayer-meeting. Our primary teacher and the post-master's daughter came together, half a dozen others representing the indifferent and opposing element came in, and we began by singing, "Keep the banner flying," and our tricolored banner was literally flying out under the silent stars. The subject of the evening was "prayer," and the little meeting of the few disciples and the ones who came to scoff but listened earnestly, was brought very close to the throne of grace. So many Bible verses were given. The little ones went to sleep, only to be awakened by their parents to give a verse. The testimonies, songs, and verses ended in the magnificent blessing of King David in 1 Chronicles 29: 10-12.

You may remember that last spring I told you a little of our four years of labor in Velarde, and of the slowness of the work and the apparent indifference to the truth as it is in Christ. The one thing that held them to the mission was the day school work, which was made as bright and attractive as circumstances would permit. But when I was planning to go to New England in May of last year, this present Deacon Garcia offered to let his twelve-year-old daughter go with me to spend a year, perhaps longer, in some home in the East where she might have the advantage of hearing English spoken all the time. You know the outcome: that I brought her East, and she is now in one of your New England homes.

But because of this very bold act of taking one of the girls out into the great world and into Protestantism, the priest and people arrayed themselves against us. The school became thin in numbers and interest. None of the people came to welcome us home. Then in December, our general missionary, Mr. Brewer, held a ten days' meeting, and Mr. Garcia and his wife and ten-year-old son accepted Christ as their personal Saviour.

Then began a series of petty trials; at least, in the light of the blessings, they seem petty now, though it was hard to bear them. On certain feast days to some of the saints of the Romish calendars, it was agreed that our flag should not float, and under darkness its rope was cut and pulled from the pulley, necessitating resetting the pole, which was a task. "We'll run the Protestants out of the valley," said the saloon element.

It was a little hard to stand in the schoolroom near an open door, and hear former pupils laugh, as they passed, and say loudly: "Look at the heretics!" It was still harder to have indecent songs started just at the door and continued while passing.

The priest recently compared Echo Mission to a "baited rat-trap," the bait being the school, medicine and food for the sick, and clothing for those who needed it to look decent in school.

ELIZABETH RISHEL.

(Extract from a letter sent to Westfield Association Basket Meeting.)

Little Ascencion Garcia.

LITTLE Ascencion Garcia left her home in New Mexico just one year ago, coming all the way to New England to learn American ways, and to get an education.

She had been in our mission school in Velarde, and had learned much about our Saviour; she thinks our missionaries in Velarde must love the book of John, for they taught them more from that than any other book.

Ascencion found it very hard indeed to give up praying to the Virgin Mary, but as she learned more of the love of Jesus, and could find nothing in the Bible about praying to the Virgin, she has joyfully accepted His own word, "I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me."

She loves to quote that verse, and feels sure that God hears her when she prays.



ASCENCION GARCIA

We are hoping the time will come when she will go back to help and teach her own people.

She will profess her faith and love for Jesus in baptism June 16th.

Our Mission at Velarde.

AFTER five years of patient, discouraging work, Mr. and Mrs. Rishel have been encouraged by the conversion of souls. Since Mrs. Rishel's letter was written, renewed interest has been manifested, and the little church has received additions to its membership. They need a chapel, and better quarters for the school. The Mexicans cannot understand the true significance of a church without a church house. Pray for this needy, hopeful field.



American Baptist Home Mission Society.

Notes about the Anniversaries.

THE arrangements at the Highland Baptist Church were admirable. Pastor Quick and the several committees left nothing undone for the convenience of attendants.

The reports of the meetings, both by the *Springfield Republican* and the *Springfield Union*, were far superior to anything we have ever known from the secular press. They have the lively appreciation of thousands for the splendid service thus rendered.

The debate upon recommendations of the Committee on Coordination of Societies, on Thursday afternoon, was interesting. But it is a significant comment on the fallibility of human judgment, that those who composed this gathering, after less than three hours' consideration of six recommendations, rejected three; the committee itself having reached its conclusions after nine sessions of more than two hours each.

Nobody seems to have clearly stated precisely what is meant by "a better coordination" of our missionary organizations. The three general societies which were the principal ones under consideration are coordinate bodies, *i. e.*, bodies of the same rank as recognized denominational agencies for specific purposes. The relation of each to the other is that of a coordinate, not a subordinate body. If the object is to bring them into more harmonious relations with each other, the fundamental thing is to indicate in what respects these relations are inharmonious, and then to suggest the remedy. General prescriptions will hardly avail.

Will somebody also kindly inform us where that "oligarchy" is found, of which we heard at Springfield? This is a new discovery—if indeed it be a discovery and not a phantasm. "Oligarchy" is rule or government by a few who get and keep power within themselves. Are the elected servants of these societies, including many of our best ministers and laymen, who give themselves unstintedly and unrequitedly to this service for the denomination, to be thus stigmatized? Let that word be banished from our Baptist vocabulary.

Precisely what is meant by bringing the churches into closer relations with the societies? How can it be closer and more direct than under the present plan, whereby any church may, for a small contribution, appoint a delegate to participate in the deliberations of these organizations?

The life-membership feature in our societies is often a target in popular meetings, as if it were something to be deprecated and dispensed with. But it is probably true that three-fourths of these life-memberships have been made by churches who, in sending their offerings, have requested that these worthy members be thus honored, and thereby permanently represent the churches at meetings of the societies. This is a close and lasting relation between the churches and the societies. We know of a church which thus made its pastor and a deacon life members of the Home Mission Society, last year. Was it not a proper thing to do?

Very significant was the action of the Woman's Baptist Home Mission Society, of Chicago, at its Springfield meeting. It is as follows: "Resolved, that we commend the action of the Board of the Society in putting itself on record as favoring some plan of consolidation with other home mission societies, by which all the work now being done by these home mission societies in the Northern States might be done by one society, so that all might share in all the work, at the same time simplifying machinery and increasing results."

The American Baptist Home Mission Society is favorable to such an arrangement. If there is first a will to do this thing, a way can surely be found to do it. It is the right and rational thing to do. More about this, hereafter.

A pleasant feature of the first session of the Home Mission Society was the presence on the platform of four ex-presidents of the society, men who are justly honored by the denomination, viz.: Hon. J. L. Howard, of Connecticut; Hon. Chester W. Kingsley, of Massachusetts; Henry Kirke Porter, Esq., Pennsylvania; and Stephen Greene, Esq., of Massachusetts. Fraternal messages were sent to three others who could not attend, viz.: Hon. S. A. Crozer, Pennsylvania; Hon. Robert O. Fuller, Massachusetts; Hon. E. A. Nelson Blake, Massachusetts. No other Baptist Missionary Society in the United States has had such an array of noble business men as presiding officers. And it is noteworthy that, from the first, for about seventy years, only business men have occupied this position in the society.

The four sessions of the Society were crowded with good things. The colored singers from Shaw University were greatly enjoyed, and their services in the interest of the University will be in great demand throughout New England this summer.

From some of the addresses before the Home Mission Society we make liberal extracts for ECHOES, believing that nothing can be more profitable and stimulating than these thoughtful utterances.

Our Responsibilities.

EM. THRESHER, Esq., of Ohio, President of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, made an excellent address, the concluding words of which are as follows:

"Let us keep as close as possible in touch with our constituency, which consists of believing souls organized into gospel churches and walking in all the laws and ordinances of the gospel blameless. The work which we do is the Lord's business, and is to be carried on in due measure by each one of his faithful servants standing in his place, and we who hold official position are their servants for Jesus' sake. Let the claims and needs of this work be pressed upon each believing heart, always remembering that the cause of missions is one, neither home nor foreign, but world-wide.

The providence of God is opening up the highway for a world-wide evangelization. The heathen are thronging our great cities and coming to our very doors, while the lives of the Christians real and professed are as an open book before the eyes of all the world. The lines are drawn, the conflict is upon us, we cannot escape the issue. The appeal must be to the living truth that if our gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost, and that the witness of the gospel must be found in the lives of believers.

"And his servants shall serve him, for they shall see his face and his name shall be in their foreheads."

"When Jesus sat over against the treasury and beheld how the people cast money therein, it was not the large gifts which most won his attention, but the smallest of the small, prompted by a living faith and a consecrated heart. The gift of the poor widow left her no poorer, but rich indeed, for the Master of assemblies balanced the account and audited the books upon the spot, and placed it to her credit upon the records of heaven.

"The terms of the great commission are our missionary endowment, and the small gifts of the many are most welcome to the Master.

"For the joy of the Lord is your strength."

"O Master, let me walk with thee

In lowly paths of service free,

Tell me thy secret, help me bear

The strain of toil, the fret of care.

Help me the slow of heart to move

By some clear winning word of love.

Teach me the wayward feet to stay

And guide them in the homeward way.

Teach them thy patience, still with thee

In closer, dearer company.

In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,

In trust that triumphs over wrong.

In hope that sends a shining ray

Far down the future's broadening way.

In peace that only thou canst give

In thee, O Master, let me live."

Mexico's Curse.

REV. W. H. SLOAN, of the City of Mexico, thus depicted Romanism in that republic:

"The Romanism of Mexico denies practically the existence of all the persons in the godhead. It has adroitly substituted something else for them. The Pope, as the divine vicegerent, is set up as the infallible ruler of the conscience. No other God is needed. A late Jesuit publication now in my possession calls him vice-God. He can pardon or retain men's sins, in other words, save or destroy their souls. Christ is robbed of His priestly office, because the popish priest, by the sacrifice that he makes on the altar, pretends to save the sinner. Christ is robbed of His prophetic office when popery claims to be the only infallible teacher of the will of God, the only authorized expositor of the true sense of Scripture. Christ is robbed of His office as mediator and intercessor by making Mary and the saints intercessors with God for men. Christ is robbed of His kingly office by exalting the Pope to His royal seat as head of the Church, and head of the world for the Church. On his vesture and on his thigh the Pope has a name written, king of kings, and lord of lords.

"The papal Church in Mexico has abrogated the Holy Spirit, giving to the sacrament the power to regenerate the soul. The Spirit is robbed of His honor as the medium through which divine blessings are communicated to the soul, and by which at last it is made perfect in holiness by making the priesthood, and that very often a most corrupt one, the only channel of communication between God and man. The very paganism of the Aztecs has passed into the papal Church in Mexico, the old rites, the festivals, the flowers, the incensings, the lustral water, the vestments, the very gods—but with new names. Within a hundred yards of where the ladies of New Haven now sustain a Baptist mission, the ancient Aztec Goddess Tonantzin, the 'Queen of Heaven,' is still worshipped by the Mexican people under the title of the Virgin Mary of Guadalupe. And some of you think that people need no gospel. I tell you, my dear friends, that popery in the republic of Mexico is an effacement of the Christian Church. It has set up there a pantheon of idols. It has extinguished the light of revelation; it has reeled back the world, and placed it once more amid the deities and rites of the most corrupt ages of Greece and Rome.

"This distortion of the faith, this effacement of divine truth has borne its appropriate fruit in the moral disfigurement of the people it has kept in thrall. I cannot go into particulars. Time would fail me, and you would accuse me of exaggeration, if of nothing worse. To know the papal Church where she thrives unhindered, you must see it in Mexico, Cuba, Porto Rico, South America. You must feel at short range its cruel, vindictive bloodthirstiness.

You must witness its persistent and audacious animosity to the anti-Jesuit education of the people. You must see it at home with its crosses, relics, rosaries, scapulars, images, winking and blinking idols. You must see the throngs present at mass at the forenoon, at the bull-fights in the afternoon, then at the dram-shop, then witness the brawl, the glittering knife, followed by the hospital or the jail.

THE site of Chicago was a swamp as late as 1830. There are sixty-two cities to-day larger than New York one hundred years ago.

You must know of the lack of reverence for the marriage relation, and indiscriminate living together of the sexes among the lower classes. According to *The Imperial*, the leading paper in the City of Mexico, more than one-half the children born in that city are illegitimate. The gambling in the churchyards, the licentious character of the priests, the raffling of souls out of purgatory,—you must live amid all this to realize the awful truth.

"Now that Mexico is feeling as never before the commercial impulse, and is pushing ahead to a front place among the nations, the acquirement of church property there will be a more costly matter with each year's delay. That she offers the most accessible field, one of the most strategic in location, and one whose future must be closely interwoven with our own, no one can deny. It is the day of opportunity in Mexico, and Baptists will be short-sighted if they do not seize upon the opportunity. Let us win that land for Christ."

Our Mission to Roman Catholics.

FROM the address of Rev. Lemuel C. Barnes, D. D., of Pittsburg, Pa., the following extracts are made:

"Ninety-nine years ago next Sunday, here in Massachusetts where so many good things have started, the first Baptist missionary society in America was organized. It was 'to furnish occasional preaching and to promote a knowledge of evangelistic truth in the new settlements within these United States.' It was obviously a home mission society. But it was also a foreign mission society, and its *Missionary Magazine* continues to this day to be the organ of our foreign missions. Accordingly, the original statement of the object of the society concluded, 'within these United States, or farther if circumstances should render it proper.' Evidently the fathers were not afraid of the closest possible coordination in missionary work."

"Though their conception of missions was so broadly catholic, it is doubtful if they gave a single thought to Roman Catholics as belonging to their field." In Massachusetts at that time, in fact in all New England, there were less than three hundred Romanists, aside from the Catholic Indians in Maine.

"One hundred years ago there were but 100,000 Roman Catholics in all the United States. To-day we have nearly 10,000,000. In addition to these, 8,000,000 fresh Roman Catholics have been brought under the Stars and Stripes in the last two years. There are a million and a half more under the shadow of the flag in Cuba, and 13,000,000 living almost in sight of it in Mexico. To say nothing of Europe and South America, we are now in intimate relations of re-

sponsibility with not less than 30,000,000 who bow the knee to Mary as the queen of heaven, and salute the Pope as the viceregent of God.

"Have we Baptists any mission to Roman Catholics? It is time to examine the question afresh.

"1. First, have we not a message of liberty?

"I do not mean liberty, such as other denominations can offer, but absolute liberty, such as we alone among large bodies of Christians have to offer. Thank God that we are not the only ones who send out gospel wagons. But the others have to paint on them, after the fine phrase 'gospel liberty,' the significant word 'limited.' They may put it in small characters so as not to attract attention. They may forget to put it on their missionary letterheads. But, if the whole story were told in the caption of the message, it would always be 'Liberty of Soul, Limited'—limited by apostolic succession, limited by Westminster Confession of Faith, limited by the book of discipline—always liberty limited by some human contrivance, by synod or bishop or tradition or standard.

"Soul liberty' is a peculiarly Baptist birthright, to pudiate it whoever may, and it is one of the best gifts we have to bestow on other people.

"Happily this religious liberty is the very thing for which multitudes of Roman Catholics have been longing. This has been the chief conscious want in the Philippines. It has been the same to a large degree in Mexico and elsewhere.

"It is our mission for one thing to bring them the message of freedom from autocratic church government. We offer them no half-way freedom, but the

complete reality; no spectre of liberty, having, after all, the outlines and shadow of a hierarchy, but the living reality, an absolutely democratic church. Thomas Jefferson, the Thomas Jefferson who wrote the American Declaration of Independence, is said to have declared that he obtained his best conception of free government from the working of a Baptist church in his neighborhood. The planting of little Baptist churches all about among the new millions who are trying to learn how to make a sane and suitable declaration of independence, will help them more than anything else under the sun.

"It is our mission, for another thing, to bring them a message of freedom from rigid creeds. A credo, a believing of something, is as indispensable as a backbone. But a rigid creed is as deforming as would be a cast-iron backbone in a growing boy. A creed, to be a blessing instead of a curse, must be flexible and must grow every day.

"2. But we are to offer them not only liberty; the second fold of our twofold message is deeper and diviner still, it is a message of immediate responsibility to God.



MEXICAN WORKSHOP.

"Human responsibility is not roundabout, and so uncertain, shifting. It is immediate, instantaneous, direct. Neither the mediation of sacraments, nor the mediation of priests is needed. The whole fabric of Rome, from foundation stone to topmost turret, is cemented together by the idea that men are to be saved by sacraments. In this mighty structure there is a keystone. It is so surely the keystone that if you were to take it out the whole establishment would collapse. That keystone is infant baptism. The hope of every human being depends on his being baptized. It is pathetic to see the heroic consistency with which this principle has often been carried out. In India, in China, in South America, among the savage Hurons of Canada, the missionaries of Rome have made it their business to get the drops of saving water on living and dying infants. For this they have jeopardized everything which men hold dear, they have freely jeopardized life itself, and what is more, for this they have often thrown aside common honesty. In the face of savage prohibitions they have adroitly squeezed baptismal drops out of the previously moistened sleeves of their robes while pretending to administer medicine, and have then joyfully reported home to France, or Spain, or Portugal, 'another soul saved.'

"In a booklet for the enlightenment of Protestants, published in Buffalo, N. Y., in this year of grace, 1901, the very first question is concerning the reason for infant baptism, and the answer is that it is indispensable to salvation. On this rite the hope of humanity hinges.

"Who is there, brethren, besides ourselves, who can carry to these Roman brothers of ours a clear, unequivocal, unshuffling message on this point—this cardinal point with them? Who else is there to tell them, without afterward eating his own words, that a babe is no whit better off after it has been christened than it was before?

"Who is there to tell them that no sacrament stands between a soul and the living God?"

Among French Romanists.

REV. J. N. WILLIAMS, the veteran missionary to the French Canadians in New England, said:

"The priest came also, after doing all that he could to prevent this emigration, and now this great mass—600,000 French Catholics—is being marshalled into an army to do Rome's bidding:

"Our own mission was first to see in this great invasion a danger, a duty, an opportunity. Other denominations came to see this also, and even to feel that perhaps right here there was a diamond mine worth working.

"When I entered, in 1873, this great New England field, well I had to be a sort of a shuttle missionary, for I was alone, to move back and forth amid these centres of French population. But I found a few French Protestant Christians, a little kindling wood, sometimes a little gospel fire just started. All the French-speaking Protestantism there was in that great centre of French Canadians, 17,000, Worcester, were two young married couples, living under the same roof. A cottage meeting to encourage them was the beginning; attendance, two fathers, two mothers, two

babies in two cradles. To-day there are two French chapels nearly paid for, and two missionaries till lately, and stalwart ones, too, and the other day we made out a list by names of over 200 French baptized believers in Worcester, to say nothing of several hundred other French Protestants in that city.

"In that shuttle period of my missionary life I found myself landed at Waterville, Me. By some searching I found one French Protestant in that population of about 2,000. The religion of most of these rather rough but quite intelligent raftsmen (*cageurs*), as many of them were, might be expressed as they have to quote the temperature up there in winter, 0.0 below zero. Why, they had a priest that had been twice fined for cruelty to animals. Right in the midst of these French homes loomed up the largest edifice of the neighborhood; the upper part was a dance hall, the lower part a saloon, a maelstrom of evil in that community. The Home Mission sent Brother Beger there. I labored with him. In time that dance hall was converted into a sanctuary, and we called it Monumental Hall; the lower story became the home of one of the best of our French families. The whole structure has been removed, and to-day on that same spot where Satan dwelt, there stands one of the cosiest and best-filled of our French mission chapels, with a church membership of one hundred and nine and a wonderfully transformed French Protestant constituency of about three hundred. We are twelve missionaries in this great New England field. Time fails me to speak of French missions elsewhere. In Stryker, Detroit, Kankakee, Kansas, etc.

"From the little beginning in New England there has been a procession, shall I call it, of converts moving over from Rome to the Baptist fold, not very wide; we French missionaries have to struggle quite as much as you pastors, with sin in human lives, and in addition with the mightiest system of error on earth, Romanism. It has widened to two hundred baptisms in a year, and narrowed off from that. But, thanks unto God, neither Satan nor Rome has ever been able to stop the procession. God grant that as it lengthens it may widen, till it shall be the tramp of a host: 'An army with banners.'

Aggressive Mormonism.

A SPECIAL despatch to the *Boston Herald*, dated June 16, 1901, says that "The evangelical churches of New York City and vicinity have trouble. There is a determined and apparently organized movement by the agents of Mormonism to gain adherents from the very strongholds of Christianity. In one Congregational church both the president and secretary of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor have made public avowal of their recent conversion to the doctrines of the Mormon church. Both these converts are women. Their former pastor has been investigating the success attending recent efforts of Mormon missionaries among the orthodox churches of Greater New York, and has learned that within the last week not less than a hundred converts were shipped to Utah from this city and its immediate vicinity."

Indulgences.

REV. P. N. CAYER presented as object-lessons numerous rosaries used by Romanists to shorten their stay in purgatory. He said:

"I want to show you some things. It was my intention to show you what Romanism is. You don't understand it, and some of your people don't understand what Romanism is. The Romanists are beautiful people,—grand, lovely people. I have relatives in the Roman Catholic church myself. I know all about it. The Roman Catholics have a zeal for God, and a great zeal, but it is a misdirected zeal. They would love to have the gospel, if they could get it, and when they do know the gospel they love it, they cherish it, and they appreciate it. I am going to give you the Romanist gospel this afternoon, and if you think it is a good one, you may accept it yourself.

"Here is a brown scapular of Mt. Carmel. The people are taught to believe that if they die with this around their neck, they die in a state of grace and come out of purgatory the first Saturday after death. You may think it a good plan to die on Friday night at twelve sharp. If you die one second too late, you have to stay a week in purgatory. That is one of their beliefs.

"I want to show you now something respectable for length. This is not for amusement, it is to show you what Romanism is. This is a rosary. If you are willing to recite that once, you shorten your stay in purgatory five hundred days. They pray to the Virgin Mary 150 times, and they pray to God fifteen times.

"If you say this once a day for a month, you gain a plenary indulgence, that is, you don't have to go to purgatory at all."

He exhibited ten different rosaries for these purposes.

The Present Outlook.

REV. ARTHUR ST. JAMES, of Worcester, Mass., said in part:

"I will give you a brief sketch of the present outlook. A New Testament was given to a young Frenchman in Canada; that young man took it home, and his family was converted. Now that young man grew to be old, as we all do, and died some fifteen or sixteen years ago. His wife, the mother of a large family, died some seven years ago. Now, that one Testament given over fifty years ago made a bright outlook for the gospel. There are 128 living descendants of those people. In the 128 there were sixty-five who had come to the age of maturity, and the greater number of them had accepted the gospel of our Lord. In that number there are Baptist teachers, deacons, and one preacher, and that one was a Baptist preacher, and is standing before you this afternoon, and he is the seventeenth child of that now sainted French mother. You see that little Testament did some work in fifty years.

"Since I have accepted the gospel, I claim that I am an American. I was not born that way. You were born that way, but it is not to your credit that you were born so. It is some credit to me to be an American, for three reasons; I am so by principle, by choice, by education, so for these

reasons it is some credit to me, but it is no credit to those born that way.

"The outlook is bright because it brings to the people the gospel, gives the people new inspirations, as well as new impulses, and gives them new principles. Our outlook is outlined on that banner, 1,200,000 French. Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God. The French are not responsible when they have not heard, but we are responsible until we have made them hear of it. They are not responsible for not knowing it, but we are, for not telling them.

"A man preached to a chance audience, and said, 'I have three sermons to give you; a \$5 one, a \$3 one, and a \$1 one. Take up the collection first, and see which you will have.' (Now don't laugh, I have only twelve minutes, and I have a twenty-four minutes' speech!)

"These people are just as that story pictures them; the amount a man gives will regulate the order of service at the sprinkling of his babies, the marriage ceremony, the funeral service, and the number of masses that will either keep or get the souls into purgatory. The French people have come out from those people."

Education for Negro Preachers.

LOYALTY to the word of God and to eternal truth and right compels me to demand for the negro preacher the very best education. The matter of color should not enter into a discussion of education—it should not be even mentioned in the same breath with education. We do not judge of the metals by mere color, why should we the mind? But it may be said that color indicates race, and that education may have race limitations. This cannot be, because there are permanent characteristics which belong to all who are included in the human race. Education is the development of the mind, and mind is the characteristic of man wherever found. We base our plea for the negro preacher on this fundamental principle. There are persons who think that the question of the negro preacher's education is of small importance. We have in this country nearly ten millions of negroes. Can it be of small consequence whether one-eighth of the people have spiritual leaders who are unqualified for their work? Will not this thing report itself in the spiritual condition of the people? Most assuredly. The same chances for higher education should be offered to the preacher of the negro race that are offered to the preacher of the white race. It is due the manhood of the race to grant this, and it is unjust in the white race to withhold it.

"It is necessary that our ministers become properly trained, because they face new conditions to-day. The old people are passing away, and men and women born and trained under free institutions, educated by an outlay of millions of dollars, are now on the stage. Schools representing all the grades of human learning are scattered here and there over the land. These are turning out thousands of men and women who have qualified themselves for the various walks of life. We find in the ranks of our graduates successful scholars, teachers, editors, lawyers, physicians, musicians, men of business tact and wealth. This educational training, whether it ought or not, is creating a rival to the church. Our ministry must prove by faithful, intelligent work whether the church has the right to exist as a divine institution."—Prof. J. E. Jones.

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

CONDUCTED BY
ANNA SARGENT HUNT.



"THERE'S never a rose in all the world
But makes some green sprays sweeter;
There's never a wind in all the sky
But makes some bird's wing fleetier."



NOTHING so connects us with a given work as messages direct from the field, therefore we have reserved an interesting letter from Orelia Rocha, our teacher at Monterey, Mexico, until the attention of our young people was turned to the study of Mexico. Miss Rocha speaks of having visited Montemorelos, where the children had many more things to aid them in their work than in her school, and

says: "I could not help thinking about our children here, how they did not get even a little card in Sunday school. Couldn't I have the addresses of some children's societies, where I could ask for some cards? I think children who do not belong to Christian families would take greater interest and come to Sunday school more regularly if we only gave them a little card once in awhile."

It is just half-way now between the New Year greetings of the first and second year of the new century, but we may be glad even now to hear what our young Mexican teacher says about how the old year went out and the new came in.

"Our church ended the nineteenth century in a very nice way. We had services from half-past seven till 8.30 P. M., and then from 10 P. M. till after 12. Some of us girls did

not stay to the second meeting, which was held by the Young People's Society, because we had been invited about a month ago to have a kind of a party at one of the deacons' home, at Ester Trevino's. We regretted very much not to stay to the second service, but we had a nice time where we went. We sang some hymns, and Ester's father made a splendid prayer, and then told us to play some games and talk till 11.30, when we would pray one after the other. We did so, and I was praying when the new year came in. Then we all got up and sang 'Glory to God in the Highest,' which I played on the organ. It was a time of rejoicing and thanking the Lord for what He has done for us, and we all made resolutions in our hearts to work more and more for the Lord, so that when this century comes to a close Mexico will be a Christian country.

"ORELIA ROCHA."

IF there were any doubts in the minds of our people as to the spirit in which the colored young men and women of the South receive the aid given them in obtaining a Christian education, they would vanish could the frequent expressions of gratitude be heard. We have been permitted to listen to many appreciative words when visiting the schools in Washington, Richmond, and Atlanta.

There was received by Doctor Morgan, in the early summer, a draft for twelve dollars and fifty cents, with a copy of the resolution passed at the first regular business meeting in October, 1900, of the Girls' B. Y. P. U. of Bishop College, Marshall, Texas. The accompanying letter stated that the money had been gathered from girls who have very little to give, and in many cases represented real sacrifice.

The resolution is as follows:

"Resolved, that we take up, on the first Sunday of each month, a collection for missionary purposes, and that each girl give to this collection one nickel each month; also that we devote the whole amount so collected to the American Baptist Home Mission Society, which has done so much for us and for others.

"In giving our mite to this grand society we do not desire to return to them any portion of the benefits so freely bestowed upon us, but to show our appreciation of their work and to share as far as we are able in helping others as we have been helped."

We may say that among the hosts of letters on our desk from those of inherited and acquired culture, we have no daintier or more businesslike communication.

The writer, Hattie L. Quincy, President of the Girls' B. Y. P. U., expressed great regret at the resignation of the College president, Doctor Loughridge, who, with his wife, will return to India. Three years of laborious and self-sacrificing toil among many discouragements have been given to the college work.

Our Little folks.

DEAR LITTLE FOLKS:—I can seem to see you all in these vacation days! How you will make merry on the lawns or in the garden walks of your own happy homes. Perhaps you will go away with papa and mamma where you can watch the great waves rushing in upon the beach until you have to run very fast to get away from them. I like to think of you among the daisies and buttercups of country fields, playing hide and seek behind the stone walls, riding in upon the sweet-smelling hayloads, hunting fresh eggs, gathering the long-stemmed pond lilies, rowing some little boat along the stream,—oh, what a good time you will have!

You won't forget, will you, how many children there are in our big cities, who never see any green grass, and only a small bit of the beautiful blue sky, because the great buildings are so very tall? Perhaps you can give some pennies to help send some one away on a "Country Week." How much better it would be to take one of them with you for a little outing.

Of course you will always remember your Home Mission work. To keep it surely in your minds we have selected a story, "The Kitten Collection," which will be a fine reminder, for the pretty creatures will be everywhere, blinking their mischievous eyes at you.

As I write, a dainty miss is giving a little fluff a ride along the sidewalk in her doll-carriage.

Perhaps you won't do just as Fred in the story did, but whenever you see the dear little things, be sure and think of some way in which *you* can get a collection for the mission work.

The Kitten Collection.



FATHER says 'it's hard to make something out of nothing,' and I believe it!" exclaimed Fred Delaney to Tabby Delaney early one Saturday morning. "Miss Oldham says where there is a will there is a way, and I believe that, too. Do you, Tabby?"

Purr-purr-r is what Tabby really said, but the way she winked and blinked meant a great deal more.

Fred Delaney was a little boy. Tabby Delaney was a

great-great-grandmother cat. These two became members of the Delaney family about the same time, and had always been the warmest of friends; Fred pouring into Tabby's ear all of his joys and sorrows, and Tabby purring alike to both.

One Sunday in June Miss Oldham, Fred's Sunday school teacher, told her class about a little blind heathen boy who had been put up for sale by his own father, and one of our missionaries bought him. "Now this missionary is asking little boys and girls in Christian homes," said she, "to help take care of him, along with other little heathen boys and girls, who have been given up by their heathen parents. Our missionaries have taken them, and are trying hard to take care of them, but unless they can get some help from the home-land, they will have to give them up." This is what was troubling Fred; how could he make some money

to send to this missionary?

"Mew-eew, mew-eew!" Tabby walked off in the direction of the mew—and Fred followed. They came upon a basket, and in it were six of the cunningest little kittens you ever saw—black, white, yellow, striped, and gray—none of them with their eyes open. "Hurrah!" cried Fred, "I've just thought of something! Give 'em their dinner, Tabby,

and then you come with me." Half an hour later, Fred, bareheaded, with Tabby in his arms, was standing at the door of the Methodist parsonage, with Mr. Stone, the Methodist minister, looking down at him.

"Mister," said Fred, "don't you want to buy some kittens? This is the mother—there's six of 'em, beauties every one; they haven't got their eyes open now, but in a few days they'll be all right."

"Well, er—ahem—no, my boy, I don't believe I want any kittens to-day."

"Mister, you'd better buy 'em," and a bright thought struck Fred. "These are Methodist kittens."

"I'm glad of that, my son, but really I don't need any kittens just now. Good-by!" and down the street Mr. Stone walked, a queer smile on his solemn face. Fred went home *cast down*, but not utterly routed.

"Tabby, our will is all right, and we must find the way."

Tabby went back to her kittens, and if she had known as much as you and I, she would have watched them a little more closely. About ten days later, with a basket on his arm, Fred was standing at the Baptist preacher's door.



"Our school-room lies on the meadow wide,
Where under the clover the sunbeams hide,
And the daisies twinkle like fallen stars."

By courtesy School
Physiological Journal.

"Come in," said Mr. Burton, the preacher, to Fred's

know. In Fred went, and was a little taken aback when he saw Mr. Stone sitting cosily with Mr. Burton.

"Well, my man, what can I do for you?" asked Mr. Burton.

"Mr. Burton, I'd like to sell you some kittens."



"Kittens! Don't think I need any just now, Fred."

"Mr. Burton," solemnly said Fred, "these are Baptist kittens."

"Aren't these the same kittens you wanted to sell me ten days

ago?" asked the Methodist minister.

"Yes, sir."

"Didn't you tell me they were Methodist kittens?"

"Yes, sir, but" — and Fred's blue eyes twinkled — "they've got their eyes open now."

You ought to have heard those two preachers laugh.

"Now, Fred," said Mr. Burton, "tell us why you want to sell those kittens."

"Oh, I forgot to tell you. It's mission money I want," and Fred told them all about the little heathen slave sold to the missionary, and the help he wanted in taking care of him and other heathen children.

The next Sunday Mr. Burton, from the pulpit, told the story of the kittens, and took up a collection for the missionary. This was sent on as the "kitten collection," and that's how it all came about. — *Agnes Anne Osborne, in The Child's Gem.*

Mexican Children.

TO begin with, the Mexican baby never cries — at least I never heard one. What a happy day for American mothers when that becomes the fashion among United States babies, too! One night we were in the depot at Saltillo waiting on a delayed train. Some of us were hungry and sleepy, so we decided to go out and get something to eat from one of the various street stands. You would think it very strange to see people sit down around a table on the edge of the sidewalk and take a meal, would you not? But in Mexico that is quite customary, so we prepared to draw our chairs to the table and feast on hot *tamales* and strong black coffee. One of the gentlemen felt something move under his chair, looked down, and saw he had planted one of his feet right on a baby wrapped in a big bundle and lying on the ground half under the table. The baby lay perfectly quiet, but the astonished man went to the other side of the table and looked very carefully to see if there was another baby in danger before he sat down. Pretty soon another American came up and took the vacant seat. He did not stab the baby with a chair, but wishing to empty a glass of water, poured it, as it happened, right into that poor baby's face. Did the baby cry? Not a bit of it! It only looked around very reproachfully, and blinked

its little eyes to get the water out, and the mother stopped pouring coffee just long enough to wipe its face.

It does not seem necessary to hire a nurse for a Mexican baby. Its mother wraps it carefully in a *rebozo* and ties it securely on the back of an older brother or sister, and out that child goes to play in the street with the family baby between its shoulders. If I had been able to speak Spanish, I would certainly have asked how in the world the first baby got on without any older sister to carry it around.

Mexican children are "seen and not heard" much more frequently than is the case with children in this country. They play very quietly, and you rarely hear them laughing or talking loudly. Indeed, all the people, big as well as little, have rather a sad and subdued look. Almost all Mexicans have sweet, musical voices, and pitch them low, a practice we would do extremely well to imitate. When our party of Americans went on the street, Doctor Powell would say: "Now, please don't talk loudly. My Mexican friends will think my American friends are very common people if they are loud and noisy in public."

Though quiet and gentle, these children are by no means stupid, as a visit to any one of the mission schools will convince you. — *Kind Words.*



Two Little Girls.

I'M twins, I guess, 'cause my ma say
I'm two little girls. An' one o' ma
Is good little girl; an' th' other'n' she
Is bad little girl as she can be.
An' ma say so, 'most ever' day.
An' she's the funniest ma! 'Cause when
My doll won't mind, an' I list cry,
W'y, nen my ma she sob an' sigh.
An' say, "Dear good little girl, good-by,
Bad little girl's comed here again!"

Last time 'at ma act' that a-way,
I cried all to myse'Y awhile
Out on the steps, an' nen I smile,
An' git my doll all fix' in style,
An' go in where ma's at, an' say:
"Morning to you, mommy dear!
Where's that bad little girl was here?
Bad little girl's goned clean away,
An' good little girl's comed back to stay."

— *James Whitcomb Riley.*